

73
T H R E E

EXCELLENT SONGS

Called

Neptune in tears for the Royal George.
The Sailor's return.
The Tinker and Farmer's Daughter.



Entered according to order.

NEPTUNE in TEARS for the ROYAL GEORGE

YE Errons lament, your loss loudly deplore,
The brave Kempenfelt now alas! is no more,
Britannia and Neptune in concert doth weep,
Cause the Royal George is entomb'd in the deep.
Oh! the hapless Royal George.

From Woolwich launch'd forth in the year fifty-one.
She the glory eclips'd of the French Royal Sun,
She made Conflans to fly in the year fifty-nine,
Which in British annals for ever will shine.
Oh! the hapless Royal George.

The dangers of the ocean and perils of war,
For a series of years she undaunted did dare,
But hard is her fate, her career is cut short,
She escap'd from these dangers to perish in port.
Oh! the hapless Royal George.

The ship had been heel'd to be clean'd in the dock,
To stop up a leak which was found in the Cock,
The ports were left open she fell on her side,
Each port prov'd a leak to admit the salt tide.
Oh! the hapless Royal George.

A vessel along-side shou'd in her sad fate,
The fleet hoist their boats out, but it prov'd too late,
Their out-cries to hear would pierce a heart of stone,
In less than five minutes the ship she went down.
Oh! the hapless Royal George.

Men women, some hundreds were lost in her womb,
Brave Kempenfelt met with a watery tomb,



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But few from destruction the fleets boats could save
The ship was their coffin, the sea was their grave.

Oh ! the hapless Royal George

What anguish the wretched survivors must feel,
To hear their complaints would pierce a heart of steel,
Friends, Parents, Relations, in fits of despair,
Accusing their fate, and a rending their hair.

Oh ! the hapless Royal George

Alas ! Royal George, hapless ship what avails,
Thy towering masts, or thy wide spreading sails,
Thy sad fate each Briton in tears do deplore,
Thy thunders no more shall affright Gallia's shore.

Oh ! the hapless Royal George

Perhaps just before, those unfortunate souls,
Were indulging in mirth, and carousing round bowls,
Unconscious that they were upon the brink of fate,
That they were approaching of life the last date.

Oh ! the hapless Royal George

From hence learn this moral, ye thoughtless and gay,
Who in pleasure's soft lap daily wanton and play,
That life is uncertain and death soon may come,
Take warning in time and prepare for your doom.

Oh ! the hapless Royal George



THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

FR O M plowing the ocean, and thrashing Monsieur.

In old England we're landed once more ;

Your hands, my brave ship-mates, halloo boys, what
cheer,

For a Sailor that's just come on shore !

The hectoring blades thought to scare us no doubt,
And to cut us and slath us — Morblieu !

But hold there avaunt ! they were pluggily out,
We have sic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage my hearts, your own consequence
know,

You invaders shall soon do you right ;
The lion may rouse when he hears the cock crow,
But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to flun your nonsensical jars,
Your damn'd party and idle contest ;
And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-firing spark, if the maids can effect,
Bids the simpering gipsies look to't ;
Sound bottoms they'll find us in every respect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The laudsmen may sap in the way of discourse,
Have more art to persuade and the like ;
But 'ware those fair colours, for better for worse,
Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king may he prosperous reign,
Of no power, of no faction afraid ;
May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compass display'd,

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,
Brandy, steady and safe may she sail ;
No ignorant pilots e'er sit at the helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail.



I

The TINKER and the Farmer's DAUGHTER.

THERE was a wealthy farmer,
 liv'd in the south country,
 Who had an only daughter,
 of visage fair and free.
 She was the greatest beauty,
 that ever I did see,
 And many a gallant suitor came,
 to bear her company.

A noble Lord as I heard tell,
 her beauty he did prize;
 And for to gain her maiden-head,
 himself he did disguise;
 Both night and day as I heard say,
 this maid was in his eyes;
 That he could ne'er contented be,
 until he gain'd the prize.

Thus like a jovial Tinker,
 of courage bold and crowse;
 And to take up his quarter,
 came to the Farmer's house;
 Saying, have you any pots or pans,
 or candlesticks to mend?
 Or, have you any quarters,
 for me a single man.

They gave this young man quarters
 of him did dread no harm,
 And for to make the Tinker's bed,
 this maid went to the barn;

And for to make the Tinkers bed,
the Farmer's daughter went;
Which pleas'd the young man's fancy,
and furth er'd his intent.

The tinker being cunning,
he nimble barr'd the door,
And took the young maid in his arms,
and laid her on the floor!
He laid her down upon the floor,
among the pease straw;
And there he had his will of her,
before he let her go.

The lassie sigh'd and then she blush'd,
and wow but she thought shame;
Now since you've got your will of me,
I pray tell me your name;
He softly whispered in her ear,
they ca' me Davie Fa',
And if I come this way again,
you'll mind the pease straw.

I'll give you fifty guineas,
to pay the nourice-fee;
And if you chance to have a son,
a double it shall be:
And if you lye with me this night,
among the pease straw,
My dear you'll have the money,
before I go awa'.

O when the rest were gone to bed,
this maid went to the barn,
To lye with the jolly Tinker,
and for to keep him warm;
O quickly then she did undress,
herself from top to toe,

In a well made bed they had fine sport,
among the pease-straw.

But early the next morning,
before the break of day,
The Tinker rose, put on his clothes,
and said, I must away;
He gave her fifty guineas,
well ty'd up in a purse,
Said he, My dear, you need not fear,
I hope you're not the worse.

When eighteen weeks were past and gone,
this maid turn'd pale and wan,
And then for to suspect her,
her mother she began;
Come tell to me, my dear says she,
who has done you this harm?
I fear it's been the Tinker,
that lay into the barn,

He was the bravest Tinker,
that ever I did see,
He gave me fifty giuneas,
to pay the nourice-fee,
And I have made a promise,
if he comes here awa',
That we will have some pleasant sport,
among the pease straw.

But when nine months were past and gone,
this fair maid had a son,
And at the jovial gossiping
there was both mirth and fun;
And when the child baptized was,
they ca'd him Davie Fa',
That pretty boy that night was got,
among the pease-straw.

Then according to his promise,
 he sent two hundred pound,
 Unto the Farmer's daughter,
 for to bring up her son;
 And when the child to age is come,
 I'll give him as much more,
 In remembrance of that jovial night,
 the barring of the door.

If any will this damsel wed,
 I'll give him a farm free,
 Ewes, and lambs, harrows and ploughs,
 fitting for husbandrie;
 Besides a handsome portion,
 of gold and white money,
 Although she lost her maiden-head,
 O what the war is she.

I think I hear this damsel's wed,
 to a farmer's son near by,
 And when the farmer wants a hand,
 the Tinker does supply;
 All for to please this comely maid,
 as I have done before,
 And now I'll end my merry song,
 the barring of the door.

F I N I S.

